

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.
Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.
Wal. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.
What are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:

Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.
Farre be it, we should honor such as these
With humble suite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blacke, then these knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forget,
Great men oft dye by wilde Bezonions.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slaue
Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Bastard hand
Stab'd *Julius Caesar*. Sauage Islanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.
Lieu. And as for these whose ransome we haue set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.
Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and huelesse bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloudy spectacle,
His body will I beare vnto the King:
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Benis, and Iohn Holland.

Benis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

Benis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to
dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new
nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say,
it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp.

Benis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather
Aprons.

Benis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation:
which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labouring
men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Benis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a
braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Best's* Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham.

Benis. Hee shall haue the skinnies of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Benis. Then is he strucke downe like an Oxe, and in
quities throate cut like a Calf.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Ben. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. Wee Iohn Cade, so team'd of our supposed Fa-
ther.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-
mand silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.

But. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lancies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many
Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her
furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there
was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a
house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A muft needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I haue seene him whipe
three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of
proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, be-
ing burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and
Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seuen
halfe peny Loanes sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,
shall haue ten hoopes, and I will make it Fellony to drinke
small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in
Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am
King, as King I will be.

All. God saue your Maiesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall be no
mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will
apparelle them all in one Liurey, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta-
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore,
should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say,
'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and
I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's
there?

Enter a Clarke.

Weauer. The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and
reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. He's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court
hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of
mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die.
Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy
name?

Clarke. *Emanuel.*

But. They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill
go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name?
Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea-
ling man?

Clarke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought
vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine
and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen
and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother
are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he
shall be encountered with a man as good as himselfe. He
is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight, pre-
sently: Rise vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer*. Now haue at him.

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother,
with Drum and Soldiers.*

Staff. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,
Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaues I passe not,
It is to you good people, that I speake,

Over whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,
And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March,
married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

Staff. I sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,

Was by a begger-woman stolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age,
His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &
the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore
deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes,
that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. *Iacke Cade*, the D. of York hath taught he you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sir-
rah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Hen-
ry* the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter
for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile
be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes*
head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England main'd
And faime to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds
it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath
gelded the Common-wealth, and made it an Eunuch: &
more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is
a Traitor.

Staff. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our
enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks
with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or
no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not preuaile,
Assaile them with the Army of the King.

Staff. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*,
That those which flye before the battell ends,
May euen in their Wiues and Childrens sight,
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:

And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me:
Now shew your selues men, 'tis for Liberty.

We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out
of order. Come, march forward.

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.
Enter Cade and the rest.*

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, &
thou behaued'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst bene in thine
owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee,
the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt
haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse.
This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bo-
dies shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to
London, where we will haue the Maiors sword born be-
fore vs.

But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open
the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march
towards London. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with *Suf-
folkes* head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the
Lord Say.*

Queene. Off haue I heard that greefe softens the mind,
And